When... (#EatTheRare)

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by TigerPrawn

Summary

After their accidental bonding in Oops! and their inability to deal with it in What?, Grigg and Nigel get to know each other better and start to wonder if they might be perfect for each other. They don't want to think about what happens when Grigg has to go home.

Notes

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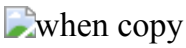
Gifted to the lovely Vic who has kept me sane, or something similar.



Grigg had actually known - remembered - the Alpha's name. He just hadn't wanted to seem too eager, if that was even the right word. Could it be the right word regarding someone who he was bonded to but was a complete stranger? Grigg wasn't sure, but what he was sure of was how much he had enjoyed the look that crossed Nigel's face – the indignation.

The moment was broken as he started to giggle uncontrollably. Grigg felt like a teenager, dragged into the janitor's closet for a make out session between classes.

"I know your name, Nigel…" Grigg grinned and watched as the Alpha cracked a grin and let out a sigh of relief. "Do you even know mine?" Grigg was amused and knew it reflected in his tone. He barely remembered the night of their meeting. He wasn't quite sure how he had remembered Nigel's name or when the alpha had even told him. But he was pretty sure, if they hadn't somehow managed to bond, he'd have never seen the alpha again and Nigel would be unlikely to remember much more than the fact that they went home together, much less his name.

Nigel looked affronted. A little too affronted. Perhaps he had forgotten his name; Grigg cringed internally at the same time as being sort of amused.

"Of course! I remember your name darling, how can I forget the name of my mate? Gorgeous Grigg." He looked like he was almost going to turn the last into a question; certainly the question was in his eyes.

They looked at each other for a long moment, Grigg studied Nigel's strong and handsome face thinking this was exactly the type of alpha he might have dreamt of bonding with. In his wildest dreams!! Obviously strong-gened and powerful, handsome too! Alphas like Nigel didn't go for clumsy, nerdy omegas like him. They went for the fancy ones – the beautiful, elegant and gentile types with breeding and class. The ones that, even if they didn't, definitely looked like they needed taking care of, needed their big strong alpha.

Grigg was a thoroughly modern type, much to his mother's chagrin. He had inherited a small amount from his grandfather and used it to set up his own IT business. He had money, he was comfortable and settled and really, honestly, like the biggest cliché – he didn't need an alpha. At least not one to take care of him in the traditional sense. But that didn't mean that he didn't want one. Sure he'd been with alphas and betas, even fooled around with an omega in college though that was just experimentation – learning how to pleasure himself as much as someone else. But in the few times he'd imagined settling down it couldn't help but be coloured a little by those thoughts all omegas have when they're younger, of their perfect mate. And Nigel ticked a few of boxes already – strong, powerful, attractive, mysterious. Maybe it was the bond, but in that moment he wasn't even sure he cared about what personality lay beneath. All he was really concerned with in that moment was the look of absolute hunger and devotion he was receiving and the hard cock pushed against his hip.

"Shall we go to my room…" Grigg finally managed, his mouth dry. Nigel's eyes suddenly tore away from him and he was being pulled down the corridor until they found another exit

that wasn't back into the conference hall. Instead they came out near reception and Grigg took the lead then, tracing the route to his room.

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"Damn!" Nigel couldn't help the words spilling out as they entered Grigg's room. The omega hadn't moved rooms as he had wondered, but he wouldn't have blamed him if he had! The scent of fucking and mating was still thick in the air these few days later. Was it because they had bonded that the scent lingered? Was it in them or the room itself – would anyone else smell it as strongly as they did? Either way the scent went right to his dick which was already harder than was comfortable in his jeans.

"I know… the cleaners have been in twice, new sheets and everything." The words were quiet and Grigg was looking away. Nigel wasn't sure whether the omega was ashamed or something else from the way he spoke.

"I'm… I am really sorry I ran that morning. I was…" He shook his head. "It doesn't matter why, you didn't ask for this either. I should have stayed so we could work out what we do. I don't know… I can't imagine what it would have been like to stay in here with this…"

Grigg turned to him then, his face was flushed – clearly a little from embarrassment, perhaps at the situation. But also from the arousal that flared Nigel's nostrils.

"I considered moving… but I… The scent it… the smell of you here was…"

Nigel didn't want Grigg to finish the sentence. The man was clearly accomplished, knew a damn sight more than Nigel did about computers and probably a whole lot else. Nigel had no right at all to be in this obviously talented and strong omega's life, much less make him feel weak by bonding with him. If they hadn't bonded then that scent wouldn't calm him as much as it did, wouldn't make the omega feel like he had to rely on an alpha – on him – for anything.

"Fuck." Nigel cursed and dropped onto the bed, scrubbing a hand roughly over his face. "I'm fucking sorry. I… I never wanted to fucking bond with anyone." Nigel was surprised himself when the words spilled out. Something alphas didn't really voice, and sure as hell didn't ever let slip anything that might be perceived as a weakness. Not usually. But it didn't feel like a weakness sharing this with Grigg.

"I'm sorry… For my part… for anything I did. I didn't intend to trap you…" Grigg looked sincerely contrite. And that hurt. This was clearly a really nice fucking guy and he was making him feel bad.

"No, don't be fucking sorry, never be…" He let out a deep sigh and looked directly into the omega's goddam fucking gorgeous eyes. "Thing is Grigg, I'm not a good guy, I'm not a nice person and I don't do nice things. I never wanted anyone to get hitched to that, to me and my life.

"It wasn't something I planned either… I'm not a… I'm not the kind of omega people want. I'm ok with that. I know under normal circumstances this" - he indicated between them with

his finger – “would never have happened.”

“You’re beautiful darling…” Nigel started to protest, unsure how Grigg had made it this long without being snatched up. He’d rarely seen such a beautiful and accomplished omega.

Grigg responded first with a mirthless laugh. “Yes, my face… it is the sum of my worth to most. But I’m more than that, I have… I work… hard! I own my own business, I sometimes teach classes, I attend conferences like this where people want to hear what I have to say on technical aspects of home robotics… I make things, with my hands!” He held up his hands, that should be delicate and smooth like a good omega but instead show callouses, some grime under the nails. “I programme and build little robots as a hobby! Alpha’s don’t want omegas that…”

Nigel stood in one fluid motion and pulled Grigg to him, swallowing any further words in a deep kiss. It was returned with gusto and yet Grigg’s fist balled against his chest and after a moment managed to push him back.

“And I hate that! That macho alpha bullshit. You can’t just shut me up by kissing me, this isn’t some shitty romance. I have things to say!” Grigg was panting and his face was even redder than before, anger added to the mix.

Nigel felt like an asshole. “I’m… sorry… so sorry… I just…” He rubbed his hand over the back of his neck. “I just really wanted to kiss you… not to shut you up… I think you’re fucking hot. I don’t know what happened with us, but I’m glad I met you Grigg. I’ve never met an omega like you before. You are… you’re fucking everything!” He felt colour rising in his own cheeks and he looked down.

“What?” Grigg wasn’t being modest, his tone was one of complete bewilderment. “Are you making fun of me?”

Nigel looked up again and could see the renewed anger there.

“No! Fuck no! I mean every word. You’re just amazing Grigg. If ever I wanted to bond it would be with an omega like you – someone smart who knows their own mind, not one I have to constantly look after, not one I made feel… I don’t want to make anyone feel weak. I don’t want you to feel weak. You clearly have your shit together. You’re so strong, stronger than me.”

Grigg’s expression was easing and the omega moved to the bed now and sat where Nigel had been. Nigel dropped down next to him.

“What do we do then? The bond is still new enough that if… we could go to a doctor straight away and get treatment.” Grigg didn’t even try to sound convincing and Nigel scrunched his nose.

“Treatment is dangerous and unreliable… and expensive.” He had some money. He made good enough money but it was usually flittering through his fingers as water might. When he had it he spent it, drink, drugs, sometimes hookers. All stuff that seemed completely unimportant now with Grigg sat next to him.

“I have money. I can…” Grigg started.

Nigel turned and looked at him. Aware of the hesitation in those words and also of the stab of pain in his chest at them. Had Grigg felt the same stab when he had mentioned treatment in the first place? Grigg was looking at him then, blue-green eyes that seemed to change colour ever so slightly with each movement. Nigel had no doubt why he had gone home with Grigg, he had no doubt why his drunken self would have unreservedly wanted to claim this beautiful and intelligent creature.

He was aware of nothing other than Grigg’s slow and deep breaths.

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It wasn’t that Grigg hadn’t thought over the many options in the last few days; it was just that his brain had completely blotted them out with a moment’s glance. One minute they had been talking about controversial bond-reversal hormone therapy and the next he was dragging Nigel onto him.

His hands were all over the alpha as he pulled at Nigel’s t-shirt until it actually ripped and Nigel finished it off by tearing it from his body with a growl that went straight to Grigg’s dick. There wasn’t any time or space for any other clothes to be shed as their mouths slid together hungrily. Lips crushed and bruising as tongues found each other.

Grigg finally broke the kiss, Nigel’s mouth falling hot on his bonding wound once more, mouthing at it, running his tongue over it as Grigg groaned.

“Nigel… I want you to fuck me…” Grigg had never wanted anything more in his life. Maybe it was the bond. Maybe it was because he couldn’t remember their previous time together. Maybe he didn't much care.

“I will; I will, gorgeous.” Nigel’s reply was husky with lust. “But first… I just want to fucking worship you.” The words breathed out – almost reverent.

Nigel pulled off him and Grigg watched as the alpha, the very impressive alpha, kicked off his shoes, followed in short order by his pants and underwear. Grigg whimpered his desire at the sight – Nigel’s cock springing free from its confines to stand to heavy attention, slit leaking and knot slightly swollen at the base. The thought of being fucked by Nigel was all consuming. He observed the alpha’s nostrils flare, clearly picking up the scent of the slick that now gathered between his thighs.

“You’re so…” Nigel’s words were lost as he covered Grigg’s body with his own, kissing him deeply once more. Nigel slipped a hand between them and Grigg let out a yelp of surprise as he rubbed the hardness beneath Grigg’s smart slacks.

The omega was completely surprised, and somewhat amazed and impressed by Nigel’s restraint, as the alpha then moved back and began to slowly unbutton Grigg’s shirt. He placed gentle kisses around Grigg’s neck as he guided the omega to sit. Shirt was gently pushed off shoulders and discarded, undershirt peeled up so slowly – each inch of revealed skin kissed and nipped and licked until that too was gone and Grigg was reclining once more as Nigel’s

mouth settled on his right nipple. Grigg gasped and arched up. A nip at the little nub and then a wide lick before Nigel's mouth travelled ever downward.

Grigg was in heaven. He couldn't remember the last time he'd been with a lover so attentive. And yet he found he was enjoying just as much, if not more, the sweet little sounds of desire – small sighs and light chuckles – that Nigel absentmindedly filled the air with.

*

Nigel was in fucking heaven! He loved sex, he loved the human body, he loved taking his time over fucking even when it was just fucking, and this was not just fucking. This was making love to his omega. The thought made his dick twitch. He pressed his hand to his erection for a moment to try and calm it a little as he got to Grigg's waistband. The scent of the straining cock within, the slick, the musky smell of balls and all entirely Grigg, was making his mouth water. He moved both hands to Grigg's hips and held them lightly as he mouthed at the outline of cock beneath the expensive pants fabric.

Grigg's breath audibly hitched and then was released with a groan. The omega's hand was suddenly in his hair, gripping lightly and a little commanding - and wasn't that a fucking turn on? He didn't dare touch his dick again for fear of shooting his load too soon. He wanted to cum in Grigg. He wanted to cum on Grigg sometime too, but right now he wanted to knot the omega more than he'd ever wanted anything before. Although he was sure that this was some sort of shitty alpha instinct to reclaim his wayward mate, he couldn't say he much cared in that moment. Though it was making it harder for him to spend the sort of time he wanted to on worshipping every square inch of the beautiful body beneath him.

Grigg's skin was smooth and looked as though it should be porcelain pale, but was instead warmed by the Californian sun. Even so, Nigel found it breath-taking, almost fucking heart-stopping, when he finally undid Grigg's trousers and started to tug them down to reveal tan lines. He slowly pulled down and off the pants and underwear, kissing at the inside of Grigg's thighs as he went, ignoring for now his real prize.

He let out a fond chuckle at the two sets of lines – slightly pale skin where beach shorts would be, completely white and fragile looking skin where boxer shorts would cover. He found himself irrationally happy that his omega didn't sunbathe in the nude. Pulling off shoes and socks and the clothing all in one and dumping them on the floor, Nigel moved to that oh so white skin, mouthing along from the hip to the base of Grigg's rather gorgeous cock. He was cut, as Americans often were, and surely a nice mouthful.

Nigel trailed his lips over Grigg's length, causing the omega to arch up again, his hands now balled in the sheets as he let Nigel do as he pleased. And what pleased him was to please.

His lips continued down. His hands guided Grigg's legs apart – spreading him beautifully as mouth grazed balls and then further down. Without being propped up the angle wasn't right for rimming, but Nigel could taste. And he did. Dipping his tongue into as much of Grigg's crack as he could, gathering the slick on his tongue and letting out a low moan at the glorious taste that played in his mouth. Again, and once more, his tongue making deeper and flatter swipes. On the fourth he let slick, now leaking freely from the panting omega, pool on his

tongue. He didn't swallow it but instead moved back up and dropped his mouth down onto Grigg's cock – using his tongue to coat it in the omega's own slick.

Nigel had to pause because the entirely filthy noise that burst forth from Grigg at that moment sent a bolt of lightning from his somewhat occupied brain down to his equally distracted dick. His knot swelled a little and he was pretty sure that if he carried on like this he'd end up cumming before even being inside the omega. *His* omega.

He groaned and took Grigg entirely into his mouth and to the back of his throat. The mingled taste of slick and pre-cum was fucking mind blowing and so entirely Grigg that Nigel wasn't sure how he could have ever lived before meeting this man. He pulled back, sucking deep before descending again – long slow swallows that had Grigg writhing. Nigel moved his hand to the omega sized balls and cupped them easily in one hand as the other rested flat on Grigg's belly – keeping him pressed down. And that became more and more difficult as the omega writhed.

"Oh God! Nigel… I'm… Oh please… please… I want you to… oh god, please knot me!"

Nigel could feel Grigg starting to tense and pulled off immediately; he wanted the omega to cum with him inside. He repositioned himself and grabbed Grigg's hips, hauling the smaller body easily as he rolled them so that Grigg was on top. As his back hit the bed and Grigg registered the change of position, the omega slipped easily onto his waiting cock and began to fuck himself in earnest.

Nigel desperately wanted to fuck up into the omega, and yet he didn't. Because that need was overpowered by the sight before him - he was completely fucking mesmerised by Grigg riding him hard. Flashes tore through his brain all of a sudden of this happening before – a slightly less put together Grigg, a much less put together Nigel, drunkenly fucking like this. The sight was… he had never seen anything so fucking beautiful in his entire life and he wanted to bond and claim Grigg all over again.

Moans and panting from Grigg as his hands lowered down to Nigel's chest – fingers tangling in the hair there, pulling at it as he pushed back harder and harder until Nigel knew that it wasn't enough. He took hold of Grigg's hips and gave him what he wanted, meeting each of the omega's bouncing thrusts with his own. Slamming hard into him deeper each time until his almost inflated knot pressed against Grigg's rim.

"Oh god yes! Please!" Moaned words and yet commanding. And that was so fucking hot! No wonder, no wonder. Of course, yes of course he had wanted Grigg just from fucking him alone. Just from his beauty and his command. An omega that didn't need him, and that was so fucking appealing.

Two hard thrusts later and Nigel let out a cry as his knot was squeezed almost painfully into Grigg's tight heat. Another thrust had it was fully seated and inflating and the feeling was almost too much. Nigel had no idea how anything could feel better than this.

And then Grigg cried out and came all over his belly, his chest, some even hitting his lower lip. The muscles that gripped Nigel became vice-like and his vision whited out as he cried out

– pretty sure he had released a litany of Romanian profanities as he released inside his omega. He squeezed his eyes shut against the now overstimulating lights of the room.

“Holy fuck. Oh fuck. Oh my fucking… Grigg… Oh god… I need you.” The words fell unthinkingly from his mouth. “You can’t fucking…” He opened his eyes. Grigg was a mess. Dishevelled. Ruffled hair, softening cock, his mouth slack with spent pleasure. But his eyes. His fucking eyes looked at Nigel with a mixture of wonderment and desire.

“You’re mine!” Grigg finished Nigel’s sentiment as he leaned in, pushing their bodies messily together thanks to Grigg’s cum, sticky between them. He licked the drop of cum from Nigel’s lip, then licked his tongue into Nigel’s mouth, giving him the barest taste – which drew a groan from Nigel nonetheless. His knot swelled once more in response and he came hard again, his hands still on Grigg’s hips gripped tight enough to bruise.

Grigg didn’t seem to much mind as he deepened the kiss. Their bodies wrapped around each other as Grigg pressed thighs and knees tight to him, and Nigel moved his arms up around the omega.

“Mine.” Grigg repeated, breaking the kiss and instead moving his mouth to the little bite he had left on Nigel’s neck, sinking his teeth into the flesh once more and biting down hard until Nigel cried out and came again.

*

They lay on the bed still tied together. He found he fit snuggly on Nigel’s chest and didn’t care in the least about the mess he had made there – the stickiness joining their skins in a mirror reflection of the knot that joined them together. Nearly 40 minutes later and Grigg could feel it starting to deflate. Forty minutes! He was sure that said something of Nigel’s breeding and virility. He was glad he had birth control and yet wouldn’t have been surprised if it didn’t work, he inwardly joked.

Nigel was stroking his hair and neither of them were in any kind of hurry to move it would seem. And so Grigg couldn’t help but reflect on the situation.

Grigg was fucked in every way he could possibly ascribe the word.

He had been thoroughly and happily fucked in the physical sense. He wasn’t above admitting it was the best sex of his life.

He had been fucked by his own emotions and instincts which had wanted to be claimed over and over and over by the alpha who now rubbed gentle circles into the base of his back.

But moreover he was fucked by the situation. Because regardless of anything else, he was bonded to a complete stranger.

“Favourite colour?” The question was out of his mouth the moment it popped into his brain.

The hands on his back and in his hair stilled for a brief moment before resuming their ministrations. “Until a few days ago I’d have had to think about it, but now? This is an easy

question – the colour of your eyes."

Grigg pushed up, moving back to look down at Nigel and see that he was completely serious, the look on his face almost dreamy. Grigg let out a light chuckle.

"Oh my god you're so corny!" He smiled. Nigel looked like he was about to frown, so Grigg took his face in his hands and kissed him deeply before pulling back and adding. "I like it."

"I like you. I can… I see… I think I understand what happened." Nigel's accent seemed thicker, his voice deepened by his sated state.

"I think I do too." Grigg played his fingers over the little bite he had left in Nigel's neck.

It was ridiculous of course. The plot of some horrific romance that would have had him rolling his eyes. Two people meet and just connect on that level, that special level where people in movies always connect, and then…

"This is not a fairy tale." Nigel seemed to pluck the sentiment from Grigg's mind. "We still have to decide what we do next, because when…"

"When I leave… When..."

Grigg sighed. He didn't want to think in that moment. He wanted to snuggle into the alpha and drown in his scent. He wanted to taste his own slick on the alpha's cock as he mouthed him to hardness again. He wanted to spend the rest of the day and evening, and the whole rest of his trip just doing this, just this, over and over until they smelt of each other and were so covered in each other that they didn't know where one began and the other ended.

Nigel's cock finally slipped from him and Grigg felt suddenly empty and bereft. Nigel seemed to sense it because he wrapped Grigg in his arms and rolled them so that he lay heavy over the omega and Grigg snuggled into him.

"Your favourite colour…" Nigel said thoughtfully, changing - delaying - the subject "is… yellow I think. I see you in a yellow t-shirt under the bright yellow California sun." Nigel took in a deep breath at the scent gland in Grigg's neck and then pulled back enough to look into his face. "You smell like happiness and brightness and warmth. This is yellow."

Grigg's smile was totally unguarded and full of a little wonder.

Yellow was his favourite colour.

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